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The Evil Fairy



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

Long ago there lived a fairy by the name of Draco.

Draco was a fairy of darkness, who controlled the night.

Draco was once a fairy of light, but when his entire race was wiped out, he was devoured by the darkness.

The good fairy's sought him out to destroy him.

But they never found him, but every night Draco would come, and destroy their homes.

For a thousands years Draco went missing, and no one could find him.

But one fairy did.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Trixe was just exploring the caves usual, daydreaming while looking for a mineral deposit that the dwarves could mine. Making fairy dust was tricky business. Only today, Trixe was a little too lost in her day dreams and found herself lost deep within dark caverns of the cave.

"Oh no, oh no, oh no!" she squealed. Then she began to zoom quickly through the caves. She still couldn't find a way out. She began to panic. She flew straight up and into a small bat nest! One

of the creatures scream and lurched forward at her, she was able to quickly flutter to the side and miss it, but in the process she lost her tiny fairy wing! She wailed in pain as she began to spiral down.

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She lay broken and bleeding on the cave floor for what seemed like hours. She was going to die here she thought, no other fairies would be foolish enough to venture this far into the caverns... she began to cry even harder.

"Why are you crying, you wicked thing?" she heard a small but somehow deep voice call out from behind her.

Chapter 3 by Wonder Story - In College



Draco emerged from the darkness, stopping a few feet from the girl. He was curious as to why this young fairy was so deep in the cave. He knew that fairies came in to find mineral deposits but since they left immediately with no trouble, he let them be.

"My wing is broken and it hurts!" Trixie cried. Draco thought for a moment and took off his cloak, revealing a set of glossy black wings that oddly seemed to emit an eerie light. He handed his cloak to Trixie, who quickly tied it around her body to cover the wing wound.

"Thank you," she said. She was about to ask who he was and what he was doing here when Draco replied.

"Don't thank me yet. I am the Draco, Fairy of Darkness, and the only reason I showed what your people calls 'compassion', is for my own selfish gain. For a century, I have conquered and ruined on my own, but I see that the good fairies are getting stronger and so must I."

Trixie looked at Draco with a new sense of fear.

Draco continued, "I can heal you of your wound, but first I want you to be my harbinger of darkness and evil."

Chapter 4 by swimmerdragon



Trixie's mind pounded, what to do? Without her wing, it would take her years to get out of the cave. She would probably die first. But this, this creature, he was evil. What to do? What to do?

The part where her wing was cut... with white-hot agony. She had to make a decision. But which path to take? The choice was simple, but deadly, capable of destroying her village. He was the evil...

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But she would not survive if she did not get healed. She would never see the daylight again. She would never fly in the clouds again. She would be dead.

Plus, being a dark fairy can't be that bad, right? Maybe she could figure out a way to turn back.

"Deal." The word was out of her mouth before she could stop it. Draco smiled, rows of brilliant white teeth gleamed. He reached out a hand, and pulled her up into the air. And then he bit her. Everything went dark.

Trixle awoke to the steady dripping of cave water. Draco sat in the corner, toying with something.

She sits up, then feels something odd. Her wing is no longer gone. She walks to the water, then looks in.

Trixle used to be a Light fairy, dressed in pinks and greens. Now she is dressed in blacks and greys, with her formerly purple hair a jet black. Black wings protrude from her back, and she smiles, maybe being a dark fairy isn't such a bad thing, after all.

Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



Her works starts slowly.

She mangles a few village chickens, burns a few bridges. It's a lot easier than she thought it would be. And she's good at it. She's never been good at anything before. Collecting the materials for pixie dust was a low-level job, one the village only ever gave to her because they felt sorry for her. She never let herself think that way when she was Light - she was too gracious, too *restrained*. The darkness let her see things in a much clearer light for the first time in forever.

Draco was even pleased with her work, and Draco struck her as a fae who wasn't pleased with much. He even said that he was planning to give her a promotion...

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